THREE SIDED COINS

BINDESH KUMAR JHA

Stories of Bindesh Kumar jha

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Preface

Stories are not just words strung together; they are reflections of life, emotions, and the unseen forces that shape our world. This book is a collection of tales that explore the depth of human nature—love, fear, greed, sacrifice, and the mysteries of fate.

Each story in this book carries a lesson, an experience, or an unanswered question. Some will make you smile, others may leave you in deep thought, and a few might send a shiver down your spine. But all of them will take you on a journey—sometimes into the ordinary lives of people and sometimes into the unexplained corners of the unknown.

I hope these stories resonate with you, make you ponder, and stay with you long after you turn the last page.

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Introduction

Life is full of untold stories—some whispered in the dark, some passed down through generations, and some lost in the silence of time. This book brings together a collection of such stories, each unique in its theme and essence.

From the innocence of childhood to the complexities of human greed, from the warmth of family bonds to the chilling touch of the supernatural, these tales explore a wide range of emotions and experiences. While some stories are inspired by real-life situations, others are born from imagination, woven with elements of mystery and suspense.

Through this book, I invite you to step into a world where the unexpected awaits at every

turn. These stories are not just meant to entertain but also to make you reflect on the different shades of life.

So, turn the page, step into the unknown, and let the journey begin.

Author

Bindesh kumar Jha was born on July 15, 2004, in the Madhubani district of Bihar. His father’s name is Amod Jha, and his mother’s name is Rinku Devi. He spent his childhood in New Delhi, where he completed his schooling. Later, he was admitted to study mechanical engineering.At the beginning of his career, he contributed to anthologies. Later, he started writing for newspapers, magazines, and websites as well. He has won several awards for his poetry and stories. He has been a member of various social service organizations. He has written numerous articles on environmental issues and has also contributed to Amar Ujala.

His notable poems include:

– “Meri Pehali Holi”

– “Kaun Baitha Hai Andhi Toofan Mein”

– “Letter to My Beloved”

– “What Was in Me?”

His notable articles include:

– “Machine Has Given Birth to Humans”

– “Busy Life”

His poetry collection:

– “Let Again”

His achievements include:

– Gold medal for best story writing from IIMT Group of Colleges

– Gold medal for best poetry from IIMT Group of Colleges

– Best Co-author Award from JEC Publication

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HURA

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Huna stood at the door and called out to his wife.

"Hey, come outside and take this."

"What is it? Wow, fish! Hura has been asking for this for days," she said, surprised.

"Yes, it was the last portion left, so the woman gave it to me at half price," Huna explained.

"Should we make it for lunch or dinner?" his wife asked.

"Lunch," Huna decided.

His wife went inside to prepare the meal. Within an hour, Hura, their six-year-old son, came home from school and hugged his father tightly.

"Guess what’s for lunch," Huna teased.

"Ice cream?" Hura guessed excitedly.

"Try to smell it," Huna suggested.

Hura sniffed the air. "Fish curry!"

"How did you know?"

"From the smell of the curry!"

"But I haven’t even started cooking it yet," his wife said from inside.

"Why are you delaying?" Huna asked.

"The knife is blunt," she replied.

"I’ll sharpen it," Huna offered.

"No, just buy a new one, please," she insisted.

Huna agreed and left to get a new knife.

Meanwhile, Hura found the old, blunt knife lying nearby. He slipped it into his pocket, ran to the small garden, and began cutting the grass. His little hands worked quickly as he thought, Maa has been asking Papa to cut the grass, but he’s always busy. I’ll do it for them, and they won’t argue anymore. This grass can also feed the cow. She’ll have delicious food too!

After gathering all the grass in a neat pile, Hura went back inside. As he entered, he tripped, and the knife slipped, cutting his finger. He screamed in pain.

Huna, hearing his cries, rushed in and found his son bleeding. He quickly tore a piece of cloth from his dhoti and tied it around Hura’s finger.

"How did this happen?" Huna asked, though the knife lying nearby told the whole story.

"I’ve told you so many times not to touch sharp objects!" Huna scolded.

Hura lay on the bed, tears streaming down his face.

His mother came in, saw the situation, and slapped him gently. "How many times have I told you not to touch dangerous things like knives? Promise me you’ll never do this again!"

"I promise," Hura whispered through his tears.

That day, the family ate lunch together happily.

The next morning, Huna noticed bloodstains on the ground where Hura had fallen. The sight of his son’s blood disturbed him. He ordered his wife to clean it, but she argued, "It’ll wash away on its own."

Unconvinced, Huna took matters into his own hands. He fetched a small iron tool and began digging the soil to remove the stained earth. While doing so, he struck something hard—a gold coin!

Initially, he couldn’t believe it, but upon closer inspection, he confirmed its authenticity.

"Hey, lazy lady! Come here!" Huna called excitedly.

"What happened? Oh, wow! A gold coin!"

"Yes, I found it here," Huna said, pointing to the spot.

"Let’s dig more!" he said eagerly, but despite digging a large hole, he found nothing else. Disappointed, he stopped.

"Don’t be upset," his wife said. "Maybe it was just one coin."

Huna took the coin to a jeweler, who confirmed its high quality and paid him a generous amount. From that day, Huna began digging in the garden, claiming it was for planting trees. His wife, however, knew

the real reason. Months passed, but he found nothing more.

One day, Hura’s wound worsened. His wife noticed and informed Huna. "It’s probably because of the heat," Huna said. He pressed the wound gently, trying to remove any harmful debris.

His wife cleaned the area with antiseptic. "Are you feeling better?" Huna asked his son.

"Will I be okay? I want to go outside and play," Hura said.

"Yes, my son," Huna reassured him. "Let’s go play together."

Father and son spent quality time together, laughing and enjoying each other’s company.

While they played, Huna’s wife noticed more bloodstains on the ground. As she cleaned, her hand struck something hard. It was another gold coin! She screamed in surprise.

Huna rushed inside. "What happened?"

"I found another gold coin!" she exclaimed.

"Where?" Huna asked eagerly.

She pointed to the bloodstained area, dancing with excitement.

Huna immediately understood. The coins were appearing where Hura’s blood had fallen. Pretending to comfort his son, he pressed the wound again to draw more blood. Hura cried in pain, but Huna reassured him, "Calm down, my hero."

Once Hura ran inside, Huna dug the ground where the blood had fallen and found another coin. He slipped it into his pocket, his greed growing.

That night, Huna couldn’t sleep. His wife woke up for water and found him awake, staring at the ceiling and smiling.

"Are you still awake?" she asked.

"I can’t sleep," he admitted.

"I know what you’re thinking," she said.

Huna’s smile faded. "What do you know?"

"You’re thinking about the gold coins. We should use them for Hura’s education.

Education can multiply these coins into a hundredfold," she said, before falling asleep.

The next morning, Huna told his wife, "I had a dream that your sister is in danger. You should go check on her."

Worried, his wife left immediately.

By evening, she returned and said, "My sister is fine, but she’s in debt. I want to give her some of the money we earned from the gold coin."

Huna agreed, but when she asked about Hura, he replied, "He hasn’t come back from school yet."

Days turned into months, and Hura never returned.

One year later, a knock came at the door. Huna opened it but found no one—just a gold coin on the doorstep. He stepped outside, finding another coin a few steps ahead. As he followed the trail of coins into the forest, they suddenly turned red.

Huna was never seen again.

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Science teacher’s Umbrella

A new face seen in the school assembly confirmed that a new teacher had come. One or two teachers had been absent for two days, so their students were thinking about their replacements. In this thought process, some students were taking it as good news while others were disappointed. The principal in the assembly confirmed that the new teacher was a science teacher.

After the prayer, the new teacher took the attendance register along with his marker and a duster and went into his assigned

class. In a traditional way, the students greeted him with, “Good morning.”

“Good morning, students,” he replied.

The students were waiting for the teacher to allow them to sit, but he didn’t.

“As your roll number is called, sit down one by one,” the teacher broke the students’ first confusion.

After the attendance of all the students, the teacher said, “My name is Sonu. I am your new science teacher. In this class, I want to hear only two voices: one would be mine, and the other would be the fans’. If I hear any other voices, they should be for answering questions or asking questions.”

All the students sat silently. In that lecture, only two voices were heard in the class. Either the students had understood everything, or they might not have understood anything.

A staff member came into the class and informed the teacher that he needed to check the students' dress and ensure they were in full uniform. All the students were in proper dress except a few.

The teacher could not confuse the students with his science lecture, but one student confused the teacher. A girl was sitting on the last bench with a black umbrella.

Sonu asked, "Why are you holding this umbrella in the winter season when the probability of rain is less than the probability of you passing the exam?"

The girl didn't answer. Sonu asked twice or thrice. Another student took the courage to answer that the girl could not speak.

"She can't speak but can write?" Sonu asked.

This statement did not work as the earlier statement in the beginning of the class.

“Don’t come with this dusty umbrella,” the teacher ordered.

The bell rang, and the teacher left.

The next day, in the morning…

“Dear students, we are going to elect a class monitor. Who would like to run for it?” the teacher announced.

A few students volunteered and gave their names.

The teacher then asked, “Who will vote for Khushi?”

He counted 14 students.

“Who will vote for Ayush?”

He counted 12 students.

“Who will vote for Ruhi?”

He counted 10.

During this, the teacher noticed a girl on the last bench who didn’t seem well. He went over and found that the girl was hiding her dusty umbrella.

The teacher raised his voice, “I have told you not to bring this dusty umbrella!”

Tears rolled down her cheeks.

Every day, the teacher warned her, but she didn’t stop bringing it. One day, the teacher went to the office and informed the principal about the situation. The principal’s reply was strange.

“Whatever you do, you do, but we cannot prevent her from bringing that umbrella. You should also not waste your time on this. No one can prevent her.”

The teacher returned to the class and looked at the girl. She looked at the umbrella, then at the teacher, and smiled. This made the teacher angry.

During recess, the teacher called Khushi over. “Why is that girl holding an umbrella?” he asked.

Khushi did not answer and left without adding anything. The teacher felt uneasy. The next day, when the teacher entered the classroom, the first thing he noticed was the

umbrella and he went to the girl, taking her umbrella forcefully. This time, instead of tears, the girl smiled, which only made the teacher more angry. He said, “There is only one good thing about you: you can’t speak. But there is also a bad thing—I’ve taken that bad thing, your umbrella.” The teacher threw the umbrella out of the window. Throughout this incident, the other students did not react—they neither laughed nor seemed shocked.

The teacher then went to his desk, took the attendance of all the students, and ordered them to open their books. In the middle of the class, a new girl entered.

“Who are you?” the teacher asked.

“I am the new student in this class, and my name is Priya,” the girl answered.

The teacher, puzzled, asked, “Why are you holding this dusty umbrella? I threw it out of the window.”

“No sir, this is mine. I have been holding this umbrella for the past seven years,” Priya replied.

The teacher looked at the girl who was sitting at the back of the room; she smiled again. The teacher instructed the student to take a seat on the bench, and Priya sat in the back where the other girl had been.

That day, the teacher said nothing more. Over the next few days, the teacher noticed that the girls continued to hold the umbrellas, but he said nothing. By the end of the week, unable to tolerate it any longer, he went to the two girls, took their umbrellas, and threw both out of the window again before leaving the class in silence.

The science teacher entered the 9th-grade class to teach the concept of force. Four new boys entered the room.

“Who are you?” the teacher asked.

“We are new students, sir,” they replied.

“The second period is not your class time,” the teacher said.

“Sir, no one knows the right time,” one of the students responded.

“Why are you all holding these dusty umbrellas?” the teacher asked in shock.

All four students smiled.

That night, after taking classes, Sonu reached home.

“Do you know what happened?” Sonu asked his wife.

Before she could say anything, Sonu told her the whole story.

His wife replied, “Why don’t you change schools?”

“I should change cities too,” Sonu said.

12 years later…

“Sonu, your mobile is ringing,” she called out.

“Yes, Basu. How are you?” Sonu answered the call.

“We have arranged a birthday party for my son, who just turned 5. I’m inviting you and your family,” Basu said.

At first, Sonu refused to come, but Basu explained further, “Sonu, forget everything

that happened with the umbrella. It’s been 12 years, and you’re still afraid of that.”

“No, this isn’t right… but okay, I’ll come.”

The day before the party, Sonu reached his friend Basu’s home. Everything was going smoothly, and they were enjoying each other’s company.

Sonu said, “We should visit the park. It’s been 12 years since I last came to this place.”

Sonu’s suggestion was fantastic. Sonu, along with his wife and Basu, set out, reminiscing about their old and carefree days, their best days. The past seemed more memorable than the present. Suddenly, they reached the old school midway.

“Who ruined this school?” Sonu asked.

“Leave it,” Basu tried to move on.

But Sonu insisted.

“Basu, that girl with the umbrella killed so many students and was later found dead in the classroom, along with the new science teacher who had scolded her and broke her umbrella. After that, the school was shut down and left like this.”

“I want to go inside,” Sonu said.

His wife tried to stop him, but she couldn’t.

Basu left the place.

“Come, darling,” Sonu called to his wife.

Sonu went into Class VIII and ran his hand over the ruined desk.

“Sonu!” his wife screamed.

She had found human bones. Then she noticed something— the skeleton was wearing the ring she had given Sonu on their first wedding anniversary. She screamed again.

“Yes,” a voice came from behind.

Sonu’s wife turned around.“Why are you holding that dusty umbrella?”

I am Sorry

“I am sorry ”

“You got only 5 out of 20,” Chani’s mother was shouting.

“Mummy, I… I knew the answers but couldn’t write them,” Chani gave his excuse.

“He’ll manage, you don’t need to worry,” the father tried to save the child from his angry mother. But he was late, as the victim had already been attacked.

“Go to your room,” his mother ordered.

Chani went into his room, lay on the bed, and began sobbing. He was thinking, “If I die before the next morning, mummy would be disappointed and realize her mistakes.” Another thought struck his growing mind: “Maybe I should run away tonight and go somewhere no one can find me. I could work in a factory and earn lots of money. I’d also take tuition from my English teacher, and then she’d give me good marks even if I don’t write a word in the exam. But since I got low marks, I won’t get a job anyway.”

Chani looked out of the window. It was dark enough to break the courage of a young boy. He went to his parents’ room, took their mobile, and returned to his room. He called his uncle.

“Uncle, please take me with you,” Chani pleaded over the phone.

“Beta, what happened? Why are you calling at midnight?” Ayush, his uncle, asked.

“Mummy scolds me a lot, I don’t want to stay here,” Chani replied.

The Next Morning

Ayush rang the doorbell.

Chani's mother opened the door, surprised. To calm the storm of her surprise, Ayush explained, "I got some passes for the amusement park and came here to bring Chani along." Ayush continued while sipping tea.

Chani's mother said, "Chani is not doing well in his studies, so it's not good to allow him to go." Before she could give more reasons, Chani's father appeared and allowed Chani to go with his uncle to enjoy the day.

Within an hour, Chani was ready. At the door, Chani's father said to Ayush, "Last night, my wife scolded Chani too much. It disappointed the child, and that's why he called you in the middle of the night."

Ayush smiled and left with Chani.

"Hey, Chani, I've got my own mobile! Let me show you," said Ayush's son.

“Your mother is too kind. My mother doesn’t even allow me to touch her phone,” Chani told him.

“Chani, don’t say that. Your mother loves you so much,” Ayush explained.

“Okay, both of you best friends, come to the dinner table!” said Ayush’s wife, a lady with a sweet voice.

At the dinner table, everyone enjoyed the delicious food. Ayush’s son, Vicky, said, “Now you won’t go anywhere. Stay with me. We’ll play together, sleep together, and study together.”

“Chachu, I won’t go,” Chani said.

“Yes, sure, I appreciate that,” Ayush agreed.

Suddenly, a shrill scream echoed from outside the window. Chani, terrified, cried loudly.

“Calm down, Chani,” Ayush’s wife held Chani close, offering him comfort. Chani felt a sense of motherhood in her embrace. Ayush’s wife took both boys to their room. She kissed Chani on the forehead and

assured him not to worry. Vicky, waiting for his turn, was disappointed.

“Your mother is quite humble,” Chani said to Vicky.

“Mummy loves you, not me,” Vicky replied.

“Whose voice was that?” Chani asked, still shaken.

“It was Miku,” Vicky explained. “He was very naughty, so his mother locked him in that building. Every night, he screams like that.”

“We should help him,” Chani said, feeling sad.

“Let’s go,” Vicky agreed.

Both boys sneaked out of the house using the emergency exit the maid showed Vicky for when she wasn’t around to pick him up from school. Ayush was unaware of this.

The boys entered the ruined building.

“Miku, where are you?” they called out.

A shrill scream echoed again from deep inside the building.

“Don’t worry, we’re coming!”

They entered deeper into the ruins and saw her—a woman with a blackened mouth, towering at 20 meters, her mouth bleeding.

“Come, children. Miku wants to talk to you,” she said.

Both cousins screamed. They turned to run, but a small boy appeared in front of them, screaming too. His clothes were dusty, and his face was burnt and bleeding. Chani and Vicky screamed in terror and ran out of the building. The neighbors, hearing the commotion, came rushing.

Ayush and his wife, frantic, were looking for their children.

“Vicky!” both husband and wife screamed.

“Mother!” both cousins cried as they ran toward safety.

Ayush and his wife grabbed Vicky. Ayush ordered the maid to take care of Chani.

“Please, mummy! I won’t leave you again. Please, mummy!” Chani cried, clinging to the maid.

Ayush kept weeping, and Chani continued apologizing, still trembling from the fright.

Grandma’s madhu

“Come, Madhu,” Grandma called.

“Come, Madhu,” she repeated.

Madhu woke up and looked out of the window. She saw her grandma holding a bucket of flowers and calling to her.

“Grandma, why don’t you sleep?” Madhu asked.

“My sweetheart, responsibilities don’t allow me to do so,” Grandma replied.

“Do you know, Grandma, Grandpa and Uncle were fighting with each other?”

There has always been misunderstanding between Grandpa and Uncle. When your uncle was in matriculation, he wanted to pursue commerce, but under Grandpa’s pressure, he had to take science. He couldn’t handle it and failed the examination. Everyone laughed at him. Since that day, their relationship has been strained. After that, your uncle stopped following Grandpa’s advice. To assert his independence, your uncle married another girl without our permission, which worsened the situation. When your uncle’s wife

couldn’t meet society’s standards, things became even worse.

“Oh, that’s sad,” Madhu said.

“One thing is quite strange: your uncle and Grandpa love each other very much, but their egos get in the way of showing their love for one another,” Grandma added.

“Ego is quite bad, right?” Madhu asked.

“If you think you’re wrong, you should definitely say sorry. However, your ego might prevent you from doing so. This doesn’t mean you always need to bow down. If someone is right, they should also maintain their self-respect,” Grandma said.

“Yes, Grandma, I understand,” Madhu assured her.

“Grandma, leave these boring things. My friend’s grandma tells stories,” Madhu said.

“Okay, my dear, listen. There was a girl who was sleeping in her room with her parents. One night, she heard someone calling from outside at 3 a.m. She went outside without informing her parents. A woman with a

burnt face reached out her hand and killed her," Grandma said.

"Who was that lady?" Madhu asked.

"She was first disguised as the face of her best friend. Later, the lady revealed her true face. She had bloody eyes and was tall enough to touch the peak of the old banyan tree. So be careful in life," Grandma warned.

"Grandma, I am very careful," Madhu said.

"Yes, my daughter," Grandma replied.

"But Grandma, you're not careful," Madhu laughed.

The next morning,

Madhu's younger sister was weeping. "A few years ago, we lost Madhu sister, and now Grandmother"

"How this incident happened? " One asked. "Grandma found dead in the garden. She

was holding photograph of late madhu.
” Other answered

Thank You

Every story is incomplete without its readers, and this book is no exception. If these stories made you think, feel, or question the world around you, then my purpose as a storyteller is fulfilled.

I sincerely thank you for taking the time to step into these tales, for letting the characters and their journeys become a part of your thoughts. Writing is a lonely journey, but knowing that someone out there is

reading, understanding, and connecting with these words makes it all worthwhile.

A heartfelt thanks to everyone who supported me in bringing this book to life—my family, friends, and well-wishers. Your encouragement and belief in my work kept me going.

And most importantly, thank you, dear reader. Your curiosity and love for stories keep the magic of storytelling alive.

Until we meet again in another tale, another book, another journey—keep wondering, keep reading, and never stop exploring the third side of the coin.

– Bindesh Kumar Jha